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MAY 20, 1890.

MAY 20, 1895.



HORACE MANN,

MAY 4TH, 1796, - - - - MAY 4TH, 1896.



"What, then, can I do? Can I enshrine my spirit in your hearts, so that when I fall in the ranks (as I hope to fall in the very front ranks of this contest), and when my arm shall no longer strike, and my voice no longer cheer, you may pursue the conflict, and win the victory,—the victory of righteousness under the banner of Jesus Christ? . . . I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these, my parting words: BE ASHAMED TO DIE UNTIL YOU HAVE WON SOME VICTORY FOR HUMANITY."

Baccalaureate Addresss of 1859.

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Memorial Exercises.



FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF
HORACE MANN,
TO BE HELD IN ANTIOCH COLLEGE,
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO, JUNE 16, 1896.



Program.

9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

ADDRESS, HON. W. A. BELL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.
(CLASS OF 1860.)

2:30 O'CLOCK, P. M.

ADDRESS, DR. EDWARD ORTON, STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
(PRESIDENT OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE, 1872.)

3:15 O'CLOCK, P. M.

ADDRESS, DR. J. B. WESTON, PRESIDENT OF CHRISTIAN BIBLICAL INSTITUTE,
STANFORDVILLE, NEW YORK.
(CLASS OF 1857.)

8 TO 10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

REUNION OF ALUMNI, STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE,

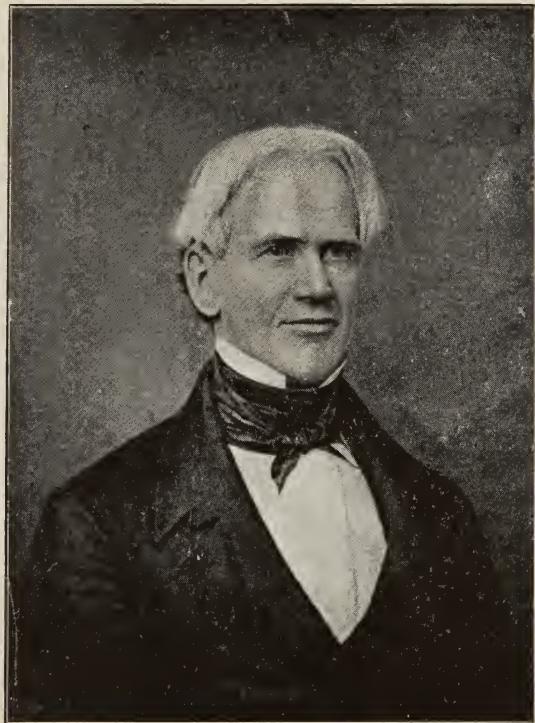
Dear Friends:—

At the meeting of the Alumni of Antioch College last summer, the fact was noted that the present year, 1896, was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her famous first President, Horace Mann.

Measures were proposed and taken to celebrate the event here, by calling together from near and far the children of the College, that they might meet and clasp hands at the shrine where one of the first educators of the age offered up his life in their behalf.

Through the columns of this paper, Antioch most cordially invites and urges you to come to her, and assist in making the occasion what it should be,—one to be remembered forever. Come to the spot hallowed by a thousand associations, into which Horace Mann breathed a life that can never die. You may or may not have seen him, but, consciously or unconsciously to you, he has influenced your lives and the lives of those who have been called to fill his place.

Then come, and,—to use a favorite quotation of his,—“Orient yourselves,” and go forth again, refreshed, to the duties of life.



TERRY ENG CO. COL'S. O.

HORACE MANN,

BORN IN FRANKLINTON, MASS., MAY 4, 1796.

DIED AT YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO, AUGUST 2, 1859.



After a temporary interment in the grounds of Antioch College, in a spot now marked, through the care of later Antioch, with a granite shaft, his body was removed to Providence, R. I., where it still remains.

In the too short space of his life, he was associated with some of the greatest names and greatest reforms of his time and nation. He was Secretary of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, Member of Congress, and gave up his nomination as Governor in order to accept the Presidency of Antioch College.

As truly as any hero, martyr, saint,—he took up his cross at the latter place, and died, “a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.” Nothing can better show the might and influence of his character than the fact that each succeeding year has only served to deepen the impression it made.

Antioch in the Time of Horace Mann.

In one sense a college begins its career when it first opens its doors for the admission of students, but to onlookers it is little more than a college in the making until it has sent out into the world its first graduates, whose accomplishments bear witness to the kind of work which the institution is fitted to do. I was not a witness of the gathering together of the raw material out of which the first Antioch classes were largely formed, but, fortunately, there are a few men and women still among us who can speak of those earliest days from personal knowledge. My own connection with the institution dates from the early part of the academic year in which it first had a Senior class, that is, from the autumn of 1856, and it is

of some of the elements of its life during the six years preceding the suspension of the college in 1862,—*quaeque ipse vidi, et quorum pars fui*,—that I purpose to write briefly.

College coeducation in those days was still a novelty. Oberlin, almost if not quite alone of American colleges, had already opened its doors to women as well as men, and to white and black alike. It was announced from the beginning that the policy of Antioch would be no less inclusive. It might have been expected that Horace Mann, the staunch defender of human liberty on the floor of the national congress and wherever else opportunity offered, would brook no discrimination of race in an institution presided over by him, but

one could hardly have anticipated so hearty a welcome on his part to the doctrine of the equal intellectual rights of women, considering that in his own New England a college-trained woman had never yet been heard of. Antioch even bettered the example of Oberlin, for whereas the latter had a modified course of study for women, supposed to be better suited to feminine needs and the ordinary feminine capacity, the younger institution offered one curriculum to all. In the light of the experience of the last forty years it need hardly be said that the women who responded to this welcome needed to have no concessions made to their imagined intellectual inferiority.

Another respect in which it was the determination of Mr. Mann that Antioch should be favorably distinguished from other colleges, was its stronger insistence upon the possession of an irreproachable moral character by its students as an indispensable condition of graduation. Not that American colleges in general altogether ignored this qualification; but, as a rule, it was only open

and flagrant vice of which college faculties took note in those days. That a man should be in danger of losing a college diploma because he was known to be somewhat addicted to profane swearing, was a thing probably never before heard of. The most striking characteristic of Mr. Mann's nature was his ethical passion. To whatever seemed to him to be duty, he gave the unstinted service of all the powers of a mind of unusual vigor if not of the greatest philosophical depth. To feel that a thing was right, either for himself or others, was a challenge to its performance, or to its earnest defence if nothing more was possible, which he never allowed to go unheeded. So keen was his scent for unethical forms of procedure, that some features of his code of morals seemed to ordinary mortals almost if not quite fanatical. He willingly shared with me the expense of the exclusive control of a bowling alley for the summer of 1857, in our vacation retreat on the island of Mackinaw, *for exercise only*; no game was to be played which should test the comparative skill of the players, for that

would be to arouse a spirit of competition and to encourage an uncommendable strife for victory; each one was simply to exercise his muscles without any reference to what the muscles of the other were accomplishing. If this mental attitude seems to anyone senseless and even ridiculous, let him remember that it was the outcome, however strained, of that truly ethical sentiment which condemns the effort of one human being to overpower or get the advantage of another. But an example of this thorough-going conscientiousness upon a higher plane is not wanting. Nothing in matters pertaining to education seemed to him more to stand in need of amendment than the ordinary relations subsisting between teacher and pupil. The notion, whether native or English-born it matters not, that the schoolmaster and his scholars are by nature mutual enemies, and the kindred notion derived from this, that scholars should band together against the common enemy and endeavor to shelter from merited discipline all offenders against law, were both supremely hateful

to him. At Antioch he set himself to eradicate all traces of this most irrational temper. His first and most practical effort in this direction was to win the members of the upper classes not only to a recognition of the soundness of his views, but also to a hearty willingness to undertake to make them prevail among the students as a recognized ethical standard. It is not to be supposed that all traces of the old leaven could be at once removed, especially in an institution whose preparatory department was largely made up of a constantly fluctuating element; but the first graduating classes did to a marked extent contribute to the good order and discipline of the college by openly placing themselves on record as aiders and not opponents of the constituted authorities in their efforts for the promotion of the best welfare of the whole college community. When, upon the death of Mr. Mann and the accession of the Rev. Thomas Hill to the presidency, Dr. Bellows remarked to the new president that there were some peculiar notions of his predecessor with regard to

college management with which he doubtless would have no sympathy—referring to the views just now spoken of—the reply came very promptly that no educational opinions of Mr. Mann commended themselves to him more completely than these.

Since Mr. Mann and the present writer had inherited from two of the older New England universities those traditions concerning the true ideal of collegiate education whose glory had not in those days been questioned, it was natural that our conferences upon college matters should be exceptionally frequent. Without distinctly and by name setting before us Harvard and Brown as examples for imitation, doubtless our more intimate acquaintance with the methods of these two institutions had its marked influence in determining the recommendations which we made to the

faculty concerning scholastic requirements and especially the demands to be made upon those who would win the honors of the institution. Not to institute comparisons in any direction, it may be said without risk of contradiction that from the very outset, few of the older colleges of the country did better work and secured better results, making due allowance for the difficulties attendant upon a new undertaking, than the then western but now central college over which Horace Mann was so fortunately called to preside—fortunately, though it cost him years of anxious toil and a shortened life,—for the blood of the martyrs is the seed not of the church alone, but of every enterprise which looks to the moulding of men into the image of God.

GEORGE L. CARY,

President of Meadville Theological School.



REV. THOMAS HILL, D. D.

JANUARY 7, 1888, - - - - NOVEMBER 21, 1891.



“Transparently frank, guileless, unsparingly faithful in duty, . . . he manifested in his whole life the beauty and power of the religion of which he was the earnest and devoted minister. He can have had no enemies, but more friends than can be counted.

A. P. PEABODY.

“The world will remember him as the philosopher, the man of science, the learned theologian and preacher, profoundly thoughtful, the great student, the scholar of almost universal attainments, who made pilgrimages to all the holy lands of literature and learning; who loved to loiter on

the way wherever the mood invited, and to bring back, as from adventurous voyages, the marvels of his discovery and research, and all this greatness of attainment, combined with rare kindness and simplicity of life and with a stately purity and nobility of character. Nor will he be forgotten as one who has added his own share to what is beautiful in our poetry.

In this world there remain for him only love, good will and grateful remembrances, to crown with honor the close of faithful service and a holy life.”

J. C. PERKINS.

Some Reminiscences of Thomas Hill, Second President of Antioch.

I returned to Antioch after an absence of some years, just after the death of Mr. Mann, so that I

was one of the crowd of anxious students who assembled to welcome our new president.

Our orator forgot part of his address of welcome, and Mr. Hill helped him out with tact and kindness. I wonder if that young man, now a successful lawyer in a distant city, has ever again been as scared as he was when he welcomed the new President to Antioch ?

I see by reference to Dr. A. P. Peabody's biographical notice that Thomas Hill was placed at the age of twelve years in a newspaper office. He speaks of his first literary production, a New Year's address to the patrons of the paper. He does not mention however that the boy was poorly housed and worse fed, became desperate and ran away with a comrade. His nephew, who told me of this adventure, used to point out a fine residence in Princeton and say, "Uncle Tom slept one night on an ash heap in that yard."

It was always a comfort to me to know that a boy who had slept on an ash heap in Princeton, should have been at his next visit to the place, ex-president of Antioch and of Harvard. It gave me hope for boys in general, boys of the present

and boys of the future. He ran away from neglect and abuse but yielded to kindness and good treatment.

His methods with the young were the outgrowth of his own experiences. While pastor of the First Church at Waltham, Mass., he became quite an active worker on the school board, and was for a long time chairman of the same. One day a boy who was considered incorrigible was sent to him. As he came into the study, Dr. Hill merely motioned him to a seat and apparently went on with his work. In reality he was watching the boy. The latter rather restless and uneasy, sat waiting for awhile, but finally began to examine the books in the case, selected one, and was soon absorbed enough to forget his present difficulties. Then the good doctor found the clew he wanted. When he knew that the boy liked to read he furnished him with books, and fairly won his heart. In this and every other way, he was intelligently kind and gentle to us all. He seemed afraid of nothing so much as of misunderstanding or underrating us.

During his presidency at Harvard a student was sent to him for being repeatedly late to chapel. Instead of scolding him the Doctor looked up and asked, "Mr. —, what do you drink for supper?" "Milk." "Ah, I thought so. Leave it off, and see if you don't wake up more easily in the morning."

Thus he solved our difficulties, and won our love and loyalty at the same time. We were ashamed of being mean or dishonest before a presence that saw us as we were, and yet was never harsh or unkind.

One of the Antioch students finding herself without sufficient means to spend her senior year at college was just preparing to leave, when a note was handed her containing the required sum. Dr. Hill had sent it through a third party because he did not want the student to know who had

helped her. Years afterward, when she felt able to repay him and offered to do so, he bade her keep the money and help some one else with it. Both she and her good husband have helped the weary and discouraged and needy ever since. As Lowell says:—

"the holy supper is kept indeed

In whatso we share with another's need."

Dr. Hill shared his goods with us, as did the devoted teachers who labored with him. There was gratitude and devotion for them, but very little money.

Our president had his faults, for he was after all human, but he had great love and great patience; and with love enough and patience enough and strength enough, one can surely overcome the difficulties of life.

THERESE BYINGTON HILL.



REMINISCENCES OF DR. AUSTIN CRAIG.



Among the men of unique character who have been associated in the Faculty of Antioch College, one of the most conspicuous is the Rev. Austin Craig, D. D. Everyone who knew him was won to him by the full-rounded loveliness of his spirit, his transparent goodness, the clearness of his head, and the warmth of his heart. His religious convictions and his life were so pure, so self-consistent, so really Christlike and inspiring to others, that "those who were of the contrary part," if there were any such, could have no evil thing to say of him.

Dr. Craig was born in Peapack, N. J., of a family of large wealth and influence for the time, of decidedly christian character, and members of the Christian church. Austin manifested no special signs of genius till his public profession of religion and uniting with the church. After this he pre-

pared for college, and entered Lafayette College, at Eaton, Penn. Here he held a good rank in his class, but was especially interested in the study of the Bible. Shortly before graduation, for some reason, he withdrew from the college without taking his degree.* Though very young, less than twenty-one years of age, he commenced preaching in Feltville, a small manufacturing town not far from his home. Here he showed his independence of thought as well as devotion of spirit, and wrote and published several small tracts of both speculative and practical nature, in the line of what he deemed to be needed reforms. Afterwards he preached to churches in New York City and Fall River, Mass.

He was an omnivorous reader as well as an in-

*The degree of Bachelor of Arts was afterwards conferred on him by the College.

dependent thinker. He became greatly interested in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and though he never became a disciple, the thought and spirit of the mystical Seer gave a tinge to his own thought and spirit in all his later life. Subsequently he was called to the pastorship of the church in Blooming Grove, Orange county, N. Y. This had formerly been the original Presbyterian parish of the town, but its pastor, Dr. Arbuckle, having incurred the displeasure of the Presbytery for some alleged heresies of teaching, withdrew from the denomination. His church followed him and stood independent. It was a large church composed of the wealthy and intelligent farmers as well as lawyers and other business men of the town. Here Dr. Craig remained as pastor for nearly twenty-five years.

Here he first met Horace Mann. Through his influence Mr. Mann was invited there to give his lecture to Young Men. He was entertained by Mr. Craig, and was struck by his conscientious sincerity as well as by his quiet scholarship. Mr.

Craig was then engaged, for his own profit, in a word-for-word translation of the New Testament from Greek into English. The uniqueness and thoroughness of the work he was doing struck Mr. Mann with especial interest, and he conceived a great admiration and a warm friendship for his host which lasted during his life. He frequently said that he had never met a man who seemed to him so nearly the ideal of Jesus Christ as Austin Craig.

When Dr. Holmes, the original professor of Greek on the Antioch Faculty, obtained leave of absence and went to Europe,—at the earnest solicitation of President Mann Dr. Craig was called to take the chair during his absence. Thus he first became attached to the Antioch corps of instructors. Though his success in the routine of class work did not equal his scholarship, he became an influential member of the Faculty. He was especially the preaching member. In his head and heart he was a prophet of goodness. The resources from which he drew seemed inexhaustible. Start him

at any time, and a sermon would flow out. When speaking, he became oblivious of everything but his subject. Tho' his voice was weak and low, and there was no demonstrativeness in his manner, the originality of his thought, the freshness of his expression, and the charm of his spirit, gave his sermons a peculiar attractiveness and force. Everybody liked to hear him preach. But his sermons were long, frequently lasting an hour and a half. His large-headed, broad-minded Blooming Grove parishioners, who rode five or six miles for a single service on Sunday, were not satisfied with a short sermon, and he had formed his habit accordingly. The members of the Faculty expostulated with him on the length of his sermons, and assured him that with half the time he would do as much good and save himself the work; but he said that while speaking he knew nothing of the lapse of time. They urged him to consult his watch, and stop at the end of forty-five minutes, at the longest. He promised to try it. And one day, at the end of about forty-five minutes, I saw

him take out his watch, and thought he was going to look at it and stop. But without looking at all, he held the watch in one hand, rubbing its face with the other, and in that position kept on talking for forty-five minutes more. And it seemed that not a word could be spared.

The sweetness and purity of his private life, and the strong social element in his nature, gave him a great influence over all who associated with him, and makes his memory beloved.

After a year or two in the Greek professorship, he returned to his Blooming Grove church; but on the reconstruction of the Faculty in 1857, in the interim preparatory to the sale and repurchase of the college property, he was recalled to another chair. It was at this time that he met and became engaged to Miss Adelaide Churchill, a member of the class of 1858. This was the occasion of Dr. Warriner's conundrum:—"How is it that some members of the graduating class are older than members of the Faculty?" The answer was,— "Because Miss Churchill is Dr. Craig's Senior."

He soon afterward was married to Miss Churchill, and went again to his work in Blooming Grove.

It was about this time that, on the recommendation of President Mann, the Trustees conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This was not in harmony with the simplicity of his tastes. He declined to accept it, and desired not to be addressed by the title. His wish was respected by his friends as far as possible; but when he became head of the Christian Biblical Institute, the title attached to him in spite of his wishes.

When, on the outbreak of the war, Dr. Hill resigned the Presidency, the Faculty were scattered, and a large part of the College work was suspended, Dr. Craig was made President of the Board of Trustees, with leave to remain in Blooming Grove. Prof. Weston was acting President, and assumed the general responsibility of the College work. Dr. Craig returned at Commencements, and gave the diploma to the one graduate of each year. On the endowment, and the re-opening of full College work, after the war, he was continued as acting Presi-

dent, and removed with his family to Yellow Springs, tendering his final resignation as pastor at Blooming Grove. He remained at Antioch till his resignation and the election of Dr. Hosmer in 1867. During this time he had charge of the philosophical and ethical studies of the senior classes, and preached at the College on Sundays. It was at this time also, and through his influence, that Professor Edward Orton was called to be Principal of the Preparatory department. He proved, as is well known, a strong supporter to Dr. Craig, and added great strength to the Faculty.

The classes that came under Dr. Craig's care, the students and others that listened to his preaching, and the Faculty that was associated with him in the daily work of the College, felt that his life, and speech and all his influence was a benediction. And the equanimity with which he bore himself, the firmness and yet impartial friendliness manifested by him during church difficulties that occurred while he was in Yellow Springs, gave him the confidence of all parties except a few who

would have liked to use him for selfish ends, and could not. By those who were members of the College, or citizens of the town while he was connected with the College, he will always be remembered with great esteem.

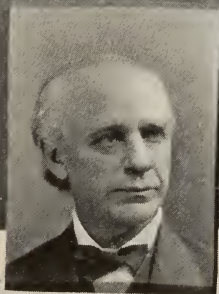
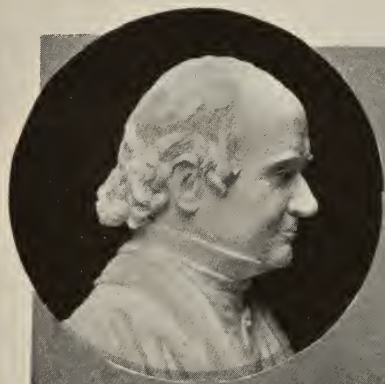
Soon after leaving Antioch, Dr. Craig was appointed to the Presidency of the Christian Biblical Institute, serving a year in the meantime as pastor of the First Christian church, of New Bedford, Mass. The Institute was opened, under his Presidency in the buildings of Starkey Seminary, N. Y., in the fall of 1868. In 1872 the school was removed to Stanfordville, its present location. He remained in this position, giving to the students of the Institute the benefit of his inimitable daily lectures, till August, 1881, when his sudden death brought sorrow to many hearts throughout the

country. He had been enjoying his usual health, and on the day previous to his death had been gathering pears from a favorite tree, and carrying them to the house on his shoulder. At night he had a painful and sudden attack of what the physicians called cholera, though it lacked the usual symptoms of that disease, and at ten o'clock on the next day he quietly breathed his last in the bosom of his family.

Any who remember Dr. Craig, could give many reminiscences of unique things of his doing and saying. Space, however, will not allow us to enter upon them. But of the good men who have been connected with the Faculty of Antioch,—and there is a grand galaxy of them—no one is more to be remembered for his transparent goodness than Dr. Austin Craig.

J. B. WESTON.





DR. GEORGE W. HOSMER.



Rev. George Washington Hosmer, D.D., was born in Concord, Mass., Nov. 27, 1803, and died in 1881.

Pastor for thirty years in Buffalo, N. Y., he was President of Antioch College from 1866 to 1873,—“seven years of marked and beautiful influence,”—and for five years pastor at Newton, Mass.

“A holy man, with large experience, excellent judgment, and entire consecration of mind and heart. His grand frame and broad, smiling face dignified carriage and sonorous voice, with his careful attention to manners and costume, gave him a natural superiority. To carry a smile like his around the world requires great essential worth and dignity of character to save it from be-

coming sentimental and weak. It was his charm, and perhaps somewhat his cross, for nobody could be as uniformly sweet and tender as he looked. But broad and general as his smile was, he lived up to it, and felt what it indicated as nearly as any creature of mortal flesh and blood could. It was the genuine expression of a rare good nature, a true love for his kind, an easy, ready power of making the best of everything, a native and principled benignity, springing from a full and generous heart, and maintained by the power of a good conscience and a determined will. . . . We should expect to see his grave smiling with flowers, even in winter.”

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

Antioch under Dr. Hosmer.

The arrival of my father and myself at Yellow Springs took place in Septemeer, 1866. We came

together, with our families, on a tempestuous evening, finding shelter from the storm, though hardly

from homesickness, in a little tavern of the village. Next day however we were in the President's house, and soon the foundations were laid of a pleasant home. When the term opened, the number of students, large and small, was not far from two hundred,—to a large extent young men and women of excellent promise, to labor for whom was a pleasure.

No picture of Antioch life in the late sixties and seventies would be at all fair which should omit certain pleasant features, some of which were quite peculiar to the college. At frequent intervals the parlors, halls and piazzas of the President's house were thrown open to the students and their friends. Light, music, flowers made the occasions attractive; the evening was given to delightful and refining intercourse; in indirect but effective ways the young men and women were brought under humanizing influences. At Thanksgivings, faculty and students dined together in the common hall, an atmosphere of good cheer and good feeling prevailing, which gave these occasions the

air of great family festivals. At Commencement for several years one evening was given up to the presentation of some noble play in the chapel, the glen being rifled of its green and flowers to make rich the mimic garden, the village ransacked for properties to give elegance to palace-hall, the shapely youths and maids reciting as they moved therein the verses of our grandest poets. These performances I had the privilege of superintending, giving to them much enthusiasm and work. Naturally, among my Antioch reminiscences, none are so pleasant as those connected with the plays. I had intended to write of them afresh, but happening to take up an almost forgotten Atlantic article (which I wrote twenty-five years ago) to refresh my recollections, I feel I cannot do better than quote from it now. It was probably not much read at the time; nobody now remembers it; and at this distance of time and place I cannot make so vivid a picture as the one I drew on the spot while the matters described were taking place.

"Our play at the last Commencement was 'Much Ado about Nothing.' It was selected six months before, and studied with the material in mind, the students in the literature class, available for the different parts. What is there, thought I, in Beatrice—sprightliness covering intense womanly feeling—that our vivacious, healthful Fanny Tucker cannot master; and what in Benedick, her masculine counterpart, beyond the power of Cooke to conceive and render? It is chiefly girlish beauty and simple sweetness that Hero requires, so she shall be Ada Vail; Claudio, Leonato, Don John, Pedro,—we have clean-limbed, presentable fellows that will look and speak them all well; and as for lumbering Dogberry, Bergen, with his fine sense of the ludicrous will carry it out in the best manner. A dash of the pencil here and there through the lines where Shakespeare was suiting his own time, and not the world as it was to be after three hundred refining years, and the marking out of a few scenes that could be spared from the action, and the play was ready; trimmed a little, but with

not a whit taken from its sparkle or pathos, and all its lovelier poetry untouched.

Then came long weeks of drill. In the passage,

'O my lord,

When you went onward to this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,' etc.,
Claudio (Schenk) caught the fervor and softness at last, and seemed like Palamon, in love indeed. Ursula (Martha Holden) and Hero rose easily to the delicate poetry of the passages that begin,

'The pleasantest angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,'
and

'Look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs.'

Pedro (Pitman) got to perfection his turn and gesture in

'The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.'

With the rough comedy of Dogberry and the watchman, that foils so well the sad tragedy of

poor Hero's heart-breaking, and contrasts in its blunders with the diamond-cut-diamond dialogue of Benedick and Beatrice, there was less difficulty. From first to last, it was engrossing labor, as hard for the trainer as the trained, yet still delightful work, for what is a conscientious manager but an artist striving to perfect a beautiful dramatic picture? The different personages are the pieces for his mosaic, who, in emphasis, tone, gesture, by-play, must be carved and filed until there are no flaws in the joining, and the shading is perfect. But all was ready at last, from the roar of Dogberry at the speech of Conrade,

'Away! you're an ass! you're an ass!'

to the scarcely articulate agony of Hero when she sinks to the earth at her lover's sudden accusation,

'O Heavens! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?'

I fancy you ask, rather sneeringly, as to our scenery and stage adjuncts. Is it wise to have only sneers for what can be brought to pass with

modest means? Our hall at Antioch is as large as the Christ Church refectory at Oxford, and handsomely proportioned and decorated. A wide stage runs across the end. We found some ample curtains of crimson, set off with a heavy yellow silken border of quite rich material, which had been used to drape a window that had disappeared in the course of repairs. This, stretched from side to side, made a wall of brilliant color against the gray tint of the room. The stage is the one thing in the world privileged to deceive. The most devoted reader of Ruskin can tolerate shams here. The costumes were devised with constant reference to Charles Knight, and, to the eye, were of the gayest silk, satin, and velvet. There was, moreover, a profusion of jewels, which for all one could see, sparkled with all the lustre of the great Florentine diamond, as you see it suspended above the imperial crowns in the Austrian Schatz-Kammer at Vienna. The contrasts of tint were well attended to. Pedro was in white and gold, Claudio in blue and silver, Leonato in red,

while our handsome Benedick, a youth of dark Italian favor, in doublet of orange, a broad black velvet sash, and scarlet cloak, shone like a bird of paradise.

There was a garden-scene, in the foreground of which, where the eyes of the spectators were near enough to discriminate, were rustic baskets with geraniums, fuchsias and cactuses, to give a southern air. In the middle distance, armfuls of honeysuckle in full bloom were brought in and twined about white pilasters. There was an arbor overhung with heavy masses of the trumpet-creeper. A tall column or two surmounted with graceful garden-vases were covered about with raspberry-vines, the stems of brilliant scarlet showing among the green. A thick clump of dogwood, whose large white blossoms could easily pass for magnolias, gave background. The green was lit with showy color of every sort,—handfuls of nasturtiums, now and then a peony, larkspurs for blue, patches of poppies, and in the garden-vases high on the pillars (the imposition!) clusters of

pink hollyhocks which were meant to pass for oleander blossoms, and did. It was brought in at sundown, still wet with the drops of the afternoon shower, which had not dried away when all was in place. First it was given under gas; then, the hall being darkened, a magnesium-light gave a moon-like radiance, in which the dew on the buds glistened, and the mignonette seemed to exhale a double perfume, and a dreamy melody of Mendelssohn sung by two sweet-girl voices floated out about the 'pleached bower', like a song of nightingales. Then toward the end came the scene of the chapel and Hero's tomb. To the eye, our Hero's tomb was a block of spotless marble seen against a background of black, with a fair figure recumbent upon it, whose palms and lids and draping the chisel of an artist seemed to have folded and closed and hung,—all idealized again by the magic of the magnesium-light. As the crimson curtain was drawn apart, an organ sounded, and a far-away choir sent into the hush the 'Ave Verum' of Mozart, low-breathed and solemn.

They were American young men and young women, with no resources but those of a fresh-water college, and such as their own taste and the woods and gardens could furnish; but the young men were shapely and intelligent, and the young women had grace and brightness; their hearts were in it, and in the result surely there was a measure of 'sweetness and light', for them and for those who beheld."

The time from '66 to '73 was not the great time of Antioch. Nevertheless the traditions of Horace Mann were well preserved. A dignified and benevolent President was at the head; among the Professors were many of ability; among the students much zeal and power. The teachers and the taught of those years, now becoming so remote, look back upon them with pensive pleasure.

JAMES K. HOSMER.

ANTIOCH IN THE SEVENTIES.

"Oh to think of it; oh to dream of it!"
(Kerry Dance.)

I sit with my face towards the rocky ledges of the Coast Range, looking eastward. The charm of California was never more persuasive. The rains, for which we had to wait long, have tinged the low growth on the mesas with hues still sombre, but relieved by bright strips of grain, and toned in the distance into the blue haze of the

mountains. But I am looking eastward. And my thought, escaping the fascination of a land where nature is as all, and even oppresses the sense which cannot free itself from the associations of other scenes and yield unreservedly to her power, alights in a little corner of the earth, a quiet nook, where one takes nature as it were by the hand, and sits with her in friendly converse. Twenty years soon slip by. And twenty years of changeful experience

have passed since I searched the woods there for the Erigenia, the harbinger of spring. But time can never dim the recollection of those tranquil days. Time indeed, though it works changes of its own upon our impressions, seems with the passing years to weave certain of our memories more closely into the texture of the mind. And Antioch's influence, Antioch's associations, have this enduring quality. They are imperishable elements of my life.

And what I owe to Antioch, I owe indirectly to Horace Mann. But in my time, which was early in the seventies, Horace Mann, save as inseparable from his work, was no more than a tradition. I never saw his face. He had finished his task, that is, the direct work of his hand, and others had entered into his labors. And I suppose, judging from what I could learn of his spirit and methods, that the atmosphere of the school had in some degree changed since it had felt the influence of his personal control. I should say—perhaps those who knew the earlier Antioch and its founder would dispute the statement—that its spirit was

broader. He had the make-up and the aims of a born educator. But in the strength of his reformatory zeal there was a suggestion of the schoolmaster's (shall I say the moralist's) narrowness, a too confident reliance upon mere rules and direct moral teaching, as compared with the indirect but deeper and more humanizing influence of a broad mental culture. But the broad mental culture was given, and it had its effect. * * And in Antioch as I knew her, along with the passion for work, and a generous hospitality to all forms of thought, there was on the whole a surprising geniality and soundness of tone, without much religious phrasing or a too self-conscious morality. The hard work of a really good education is itself a moral discipline, and that work had begun to tell. In fact, the earnest, unpretending life of that little community in my student days seems to me now, at least in comparison with the life of the great world, little less than ideal. But if Antioch had in this sense developed, the initiatory impulse had come from Horace Mann. The spirit which per-

vaded her work and her social relations was, in its developed form, the spirit which he had originally breathed into her life.

And the four years that I lived under the influence of that spirit, I look back upon as among the happiest I ever spent. I could have been content to stay (let no satirical young "fresh" say, to sleep) within the sound of the college bell all my life—making due allowance, of course, for inexplicable accident to the bell. The little society there, organized on the principle of co-education, then still in the experimental stage, was in a sense complete in itself. True, the Crescents sometimes attempted, it seemed to me, to prove that co-education is impossible in practice, by making life miserable, for instance, for the Adelpheans or the Stars. But riper experience has convinced me that an important function of the Crescent, and of women generally, is to inure man to the cross, and I am equally convinced that in school, or out of school, she will do her duty. I had simply failed to grasp all the implications of the the-

ory. And no causticity of the feminine mind (editorial) was ever remembered at the matron's receptions. The educated woman retained there all her social adroitness and graces, and taught us that no intellectual discipline will make her less than woman or less indispensable to man. Thus our world was in its way complete. It had its own tasks, its own relaxation, and, with the help of symathizing friends, its own independent life; and the student who staid in it long enough to fairly catch its spirit could not fail to carry through life a beneficent sense of the superiority of its ideals. Quiet toil and steady self-development took the place there of the pretense and the noisy display which divert so much of the world's attention from the worlds' proper work, and obscure the fact that the roots of the virtues, intellectual and moral, must thrive, if at all, under ground.

The humanizing effect of Antioch's culture would doubtless have been more complete if literature had been as seriously studied as the sciences. Sound instruction in the ancient classics did much,

to be sure, to cure this defect. But the situation at Antioch, and what I may call the bias of her teaching, gave an extraordinary impulse to the study of nature. All through the glen, and for miles around, I suppose not a stone was left unturned that might hide a beetle or some lowly type of life. And in this scrutiny of natural forms which extended, of course, to the constituents of the rich fossiliferous rocks of the region, the persistence and finer sense of woman fairly matched masculine strength. In fact, it gave one a new conception of woman's vocation to find her studying with equal address the structure of the latin period and the anatomy of the snake. It became quite clear that when the world should be made over she would rate as something more than a sensitive toy, or a mere bundle of disordered nerves; would take her place, in a word, as a human being with the

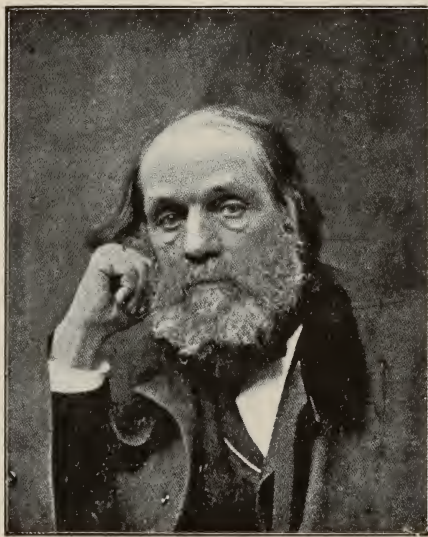
full human endowment, looking at nature with intelligent curiosity, and not debarred by her delicate organization from the study of facts.

Unfortunately Antioch was hindered in her development by the narrowness of her means. And in estimating her value as an educational force, or as an expression of the principles and aims of her founder, one must bear in mind that she could not be all that she would. But she was much—more than I can express—to me; and I shall always look back upon the brief years that I spent in her ardent communion of teachers and learners, with its freedom from false ideals and false social tests, its hearty recognition of merit, its intellectual earnestness, and its religious breadth, with grateful and affectionate remembrance.

FREDERICK MEAKIN.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 25, 1896.

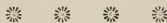




*EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
TRUSTEE OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE 1865, TO THE PRESENT DATE.*

*IN THIS CAPACITY, AS IN EVERY OTHER, HE HAS DONE "HIS LEVEL BEST,"
AND STEADILY "LENT A HAND."*

DR. EDWARD ORTON.



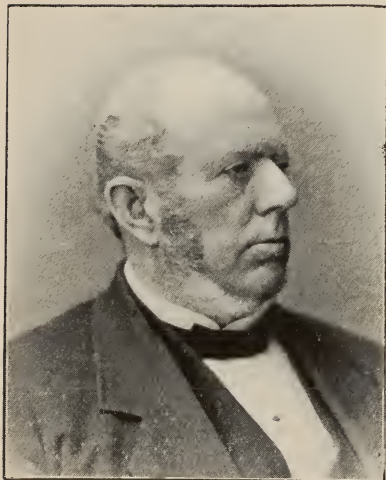
Dr. Edward Orton, born in New York State, March 9, 1829, has been a student and teacher all his life. President of Antioch in 1872, and President of Ohio State University in 1873, he resigned the latter position in 1881 in order to devote himself to the chair of geology in the same institution, and to the duties of State geologist.

“The rocks have been his scroll; the stones the

sermons, wherein he has read the wonderful handiwork of the Almighty. He has walked in paths where few of his time have trodden, and he has reaped lessons from the fields of the universe which have but opened to him new avenues in the vast wilderness of the creation, the which he has followed through the advancing years. He has been a writer of books, a teacher of men.”

Columbus Dispatch, Jan. 1, 1896.

HON. FRANCIS A. PALMER.



To the Hon. Francis A. Palmer, one of Antioch's first trustees, and once more, at present, a trustee, who in 1859 gave her a new lease of life, and who has often shown his interest in her since then, we owe one of the pleasantest features of this centennial year, the endowment of a chair of Christian Ethics. No chair more characteristic, more truly commemorative of Horace Mann's life and spirit and aims, could have been chosen. Antiochians feel a hearty debt of gratitude to its founder, and will repay the debt with interest.



WILLIAM CHANNING RUSSELL.



Prof. William Channing Russell died Feb. 24, 1896, at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., aged eighty-two. His connection with Antioch College in 1865, as Professor of History, conferred upon her an honor which later Antioch appreciates, and is proud to record.



AARON BURT CHAMPION.



Aaron Burt Champion, born in Columbus, O., Feb. 9, 1842, died in London, England, Sept. 6, 1895, and is interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. As treasurer of Antioch College, he served her interests wisely and well, and was in all ways a true friend whose absence is her loss.

“ Here’s to our college—God bless her!

Here’s to the day of her birth!

Here’s to her beauty, and health, and wealth!

May she shine like a star upon earth!

And here’s to the men and women

Who shall sing and speak and rhyme

When a hundred more years of laughter and tears

Shall have passed through the gates of time!”

—Zella Reid Cronyn.

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